

THE WINCHESTER WEEKLY APPEAL.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

VOLUME 1.

WINCHESTER, TENN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1856.

NUMBER 34

Political Discussion:

Recently Mr. John M. Botts delivered a very strong and able speech at Taylor's Springs, in Rockingham county, Virginia, in favor of Mr. Fillmore. He was replied to by Mr. Harris, the Democratic elector for that district. During his speech Mr. Harris several times alluded to Mr. Botts' opinion on the subject of the power of Congress to legislate for the Territories, and "dared and defied" that gentleman and Martin Van Buren did not occupy the same position upon that question.

Mr. Botts rose, and remarked, that as he was not a candidate for the Presidency, his opinions were not in issue in this canvass. He would, however, ask the gentleman who had propounded the inquiry, whether he considered an admission of the constitutional power of Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery in the Territories an insuperable objection to a candidate for the Presidency? Mr. Harris. I certainly do.

Mr. Botts. Then you of course, would not vote for me if I were a candidate, and held the opinion?

Mr. Harris. No; and, so help me heaven, I would vote for no man for any office who subscribed to so dangerous a doctrine!

Mr. Botts. Very well, sir; my opinion is not a matter of vital importance in this canvass, but I will read for your special edification and instruction the following declaration:

"Having urged the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, the inference is inevitable that Congress, in my opinion, possess the power to legislate upon the subject of slavery in the Territories. This sovereign power in Congress must, from its nature, be exclusive."

I quote from the "Sanford letter" of James Buchanan!

Such a shout of laughter we have never heard as followed this "clinger," and Mr. Harris stood covered with confusion, looking for a few moments, as a lady present expressed it, "as if he had an attack of lock-jaw." You are pledged against Buchanan," came up from all parts of the crowd.

After a few minutes, the Democratic orator stammered out that Mr. Buchanan's real opinion was, that Congress had the power to legislate for the protection of slavery, but no power to legislate for its prohibition.

"Indeed!" rejoined Mr. Botts, "then you think the power exists to legislate upon one side of the question, but not on the other! Mr. Buchanan will hardly thank you for that compliment to his intelligence. Will you be so kind as to point out the particular clause of the constitution from which derive this novel and brilliant conception of yours?"

Mr. Harris had of course no answer to make.

When Mr. Harris sat down, Mr. Botts took the stand, and told Mr. H. that the difference between the opinions of Martin Van Buren and the rest of Mr. Buchanan's supporters at the North and himself, consists in the very important distinction that, whilst they urge the exercise by Congress of the right to adopt the Wilmot Proviso, and to prevent the extension of slavery, he [Mr. Botts] had always strenuously opposed the exercise of any such power. Mr. Harris had urged as a serious objection to Mr. Fillmore that he voted against Mr. Botts' resolution of censure upon Giddings.

Are you aware, sir, said Mr. B., that, in your efforts to establish Mr. Fillmore's unsoundness upon this question, the painful necessity was forced upon you, of proving my fidelity to the South, as the author and proposer of that very resolution you so strangely condemn him for voting against; and that you involved yourself in the unenviable dilemma of approving my course at the moment you were attempting to excite prejudice against my opposition to the Southern question? But, I will inform you, if you will not tell the people of Rockingham about it, that Governor Wise voted just as Mr. Fillmore did!" Amidst the laughter and applause consequent upon this last sally, Mr. Botts concluded.—*Rich. American.*

On the evening of the 25th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Hartpence, Mr. ABRAM JOSEPH to Miss ELLA C. DONELSON, all of Nashville.

MARY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The graceful and the beautiful,
The gentle kind and airy,
Together met to mold the form,
And gift the mind of Mary.
There's nature in each careless curl,
In every grace a moral;
Her mouth, 'tis Cupid's mouth, sweet girl,
And full of pearls and coral.

She's like the keystone to an arch,
That consummates all beauty;
She's like the music to a march,
Which sheds a joy on duty.
All happy thoughts and feelings rife
Seem evermore to guide her;
The very ill and cares of life
Forget themselves beside her.

Each sweet, expressive glance appears
Of nature's best selection:
It took the world six thousand years
To perfect such perfection.
All gifts divine that could combine,
All charms of nymph or fairy,
Agreed to grace one beauteous face,
And witch the world with Mary.

She speaks as if with wings so fleet
No bird could e'er surpass them;
Yet none can ever spy her feet,
Though 'tis believed she has them.
She lends a spell to every scene,
Her step makes winter vernal;
A something half divine, between
The earthly and eternal!

"I might, by soft words, hold out delusive hopes, and thereby win votes. But I can never consent to be one thing to the North and another to the South. I should despise myself if I could be guilty of such evasion. * * In the language of the lamented, immortal Clay—"I had rather be right than President."—Millard Fillmore's Albany Speech.

"The influence of slavery is demoralizing—let our National Legislature use its most zealous and strenuous exertions to inhibit the existence of slavery in any of the Territories or States which may hereafter be created by Congress."—JAMES BUCHANAN.

"I came to the other House of Congress, many years since, a friend of the Bankrupt Law."—James Buchanan.

"I believe it [Slavery] to be a great political and moral evil. I THANK GOD MY LOT HAS BEEN CAST IN A STATE WHERE IT DOES NOT EXIST! * * It has been a curse entailed upon us by that nation which now makes it a subject of reproach to our Institutions."—JAMES BUCHANAN. [See Gales & Seaton's Register of Debates, page 2, 180, vol. 2, part 2.]

"I yet feel a strong repugnance by any act of mine to extend the limits of the Union over a new slaveholding Territory."—Speech of Buchanan in 1844, while the Senate was in secret session on the Texas Annexation Bill, and which may be found in the Congressional Globe.

"IF THERE BE THOSE EITHER NORTH OR SOUTH WHO DESIRE AN ADMINISTRATION FOR THE NORTH AS AGAINST THE SOUTH, OR THE SOUTH AGAINST THE NORTH, THEY ARE NOT THE MEN WHO SHOULD GIVE THEIR SUFFRAGES FOR ME; FOR MY OWN PART, I KNOW ONLY MY COUNTRY, MY WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT MY COUNTRY!!"—MILLARD FILLMORE.

A BRIDAL.

It was a custom, then, to bring away
The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
Veil'd in a chariot, heralded along
By strewed flowers, torches and a marriage song.

The N. Y. Herald which was one of Pierce's most zealous supporters, discloses the following:

We know what we say; and the whole mystery in due season will be fully explained. We only repeat for the present and with our own knowledge of the circumstances that had Fremont when applied to by a Democratic Committee, consented to swallow the Kansas Nebraska bill, he would have put the nose of Mr. Buchanan out of joint as the Democratic nominee. In the face of this important bit of secret Democratic history, our Democratic Senators only stultify themselves in their present assaults upon Fremont.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Needles are Made of Steel.

Needles are made of steel wire. The wire is first cut by shears from coils into the length of the needles to be made.—After a batch of such bits of wire are cut off, they are placed into a hot furnace, then taken out and rolled backward and forward on a table until they are straight. They are now to be ground. The needle pointer takes up two dozen or so of the wires and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstones first one end and then the other.—Next is a machine which flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles an hour. Next comes the punching of the eyes; and a boy does it so fast the eye can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles.

A woman, with a little anvil before her files between the heads and separates them. They are now complete needles only they are rough and rusty, and they easily bend. The hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and when red hot are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth needles are spread, to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust strewed over them, oil is sprinkled and soft soap daubed by spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled hard up and with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of wash pot, to roll to and fro twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough; but after rinsing in clean hot water, and tossing in sawdust they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be sorted and put up for sale.—*Scientific American.*

NEVER CAST A FLOWER AWAY.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

I never cast a flower away
The gift of one that cared for me—
A little flower—a faded flower—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never look'd a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and broken;
An earth-sick longing for the time
When it shall never more be spoken.

NOBLEMEN.

The noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are bowed with toil:
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods and till the soil,
And thereby win a prouder fame,
Than follow a king's or warrior's name.

EVENING.

Look out, my beautiful, upon the sky!
Evening puts on her jewels—Look! she sets,
Venus upon her brow. I never gaze
Upon the evening but a tide of awe,
And love, and wonder, from the Infinite,
Swells sweet within me, as the running tune
Grows in the creeks and channels of a stream,
Until it threatens its banks.—*ALEX. SMITH.*

Obeying Scripture.—A gentleman, who was doing well, but wanted to do better, in Kentucky, removed to a farther western State, and, in answer to a correspondent, wrote back the following flattering account of the country and its inhabitants:

"You ask me how I like this country and the people thereof. As to the country, the land is as cheap as dirt, and good enough; but the climate is rainy, blowy, and sultry. The people die so fast here that every man has his third wife, and every woman is a widow. As for the people they are perfect Christians; they fulfill the Scripture to the letter, where it says, 'Let God be true, and every man a liar!'"

It is said that a yankee has just invented a suspender that contracts on your approach to water, so that the moment you come to a puddle it lifts you up and drops you on the other side. Wonder if some yankee, still more ingenious cannot invent a suspender for the successor of the editor of the Union and American, which, the moment he approaches a question he dare not answer, will lift him up and drop him on the other side. So says an Exchange.

Aaron V. Brown.

This "son of a now sainted father," says the Knoxville Register, is peregrinating slyly through East Tennessee, on his political mission. His appointments are sent around by hand bills, and as yet we have not seen a publication of them in a public journal. He comes, speaks, and goes, and whence he comes or where he goes, nobody seems to know. We object to any such cowardice. If he means to canvass East Tennessee, let him publish his appointments so that an American can find him.

Probably, he is going about the country appealing to Whigs to vote for Buchanan; if so we wish him to tell the people that in the Legislature of Tennessee, in 1827, or '28, he introduced a series of Resolutions denouncing Henry Clay on account of the charge of "Bargain, Intrigue and Corruption," which was originated by JAMES BUCHANAN!

Probably, he is amusing himself, like most of the Buchanians, in trying to persuade the people that Millard Fillmore hesitated [!!!] when he came to sign the Compromise bills of 1850; if so, we sincerely trust he will remind his hearers, that, when those bills had been signed and our whole nation, almost, was rejoicing on the restoration of peace, he, the veritable AARON V. BROWN, broke forth with the doleful cry, "Is it for this that we are called upon to rejoice!" and again, "As for me, my poor heart is sad and sorrowful, it would break sooner than rejoice!"

Probably—aye, very probable—he is advocating the cause of James Buchanan; if so, we do hope that he will confess to the people, that in the last Baltimore Convention, he—Aaron V. Brown—was indignant at the thought of Buchanan's nomination, and said that it was "asking too much, to pack old Buchanan's federalism on the party," and that "his nomination would be the ruin of the party."

We sincerely trust that the "Knight of the Sorrowful Heart" will not overlook these things.

Hear what John Van Buren says of the Democratic platform:

I am aware that some gentlemen with whom I formerly acted—a few, as I trust—see the matter in a different light.—Like myself, they form their own convictions, as they have a right to do, and act upon them. They seem to suppose that some new rule has been laid down, or some new principle avowed upon the subject of slavery which calls upon them to quit the Democratic party. I see no such thing. Entertaining similar sentiments, in some respects, with themselves, I yet see nothing in the proceedings of the Cincinnati Convention that calls upon me to quit the party in which I have been born and reared. [Applause.] I am told, in looking at the resolutions of that convention, they have been able to discover that they pledge the Democratic organization to the extension of slavery to free territory. I have read these resolutions carefully, and with what little intelligence I have been able to apply to them, I can find no such thing in them.—I offer a reward, now, to any of those intelligent Republican gentlemen to point me—not to an outrage in Kansas, not to a scuffle in Washington, not to an improper speech or an improper newspaper article—but a line or sentence in the Cincinnati resolutions which advocates or encourages the extension of slavery to free territory. [Applause.]

Will the Union and American be so kind as to let its readers know what made it suppress nearly thirty lines of the telegraphic news respecting the Whig Convention at Baltimore? The party under its guidance was humbled enough, by the dose "old squatter" made it swallow by his letter of acceptance, without being disgraced by the guilt of suppressing facts sent on by Telegraph. Let the readers of the Gazette tell it everywhere, and our speakers proclaim it on the stand, that the Union and American is so honest, so disposed to present truth, that it did not publish the telegraphic news respecting the Baltimore Whig Convention.—*Nash. Gazette.*

The French Emperor's illness is said to be a softening of the spinal marrow, producing at times a loss of his mental faculties and the indulgence of the most extravagant of the mind's hallucinations. The mental and bodily exertions which he has made during the past few years, are said to be the cause of the recent aggravation of his old ailment.

"The Unkindest Cut of All."

Foulkes' Express, a democratic paper published at Memphis, Tenn., in copying, from an Indiana paper, a complimentary notice of Gov. James C. Jones, makes a most wicked thrust at "Lean Jimmy." Hear it:

"We clip the above from the correspondence of the Evansville Indiana Enquirer. It is but just to our distinguished Senator; beyond all doubt he has been prompted by public and patriotic considerations, in the position he has taken in this canvass. So far as office and place be concerned, Gov. Jones must know that neither himself nor other politicians can come into the democratic ranks, and supersede the great and leading men of the party, who have stood firm and fought its battles in the days of trial—when principle alone could enlist, or induce such to work. We, therefore, accord to Senator Jones sincerity of motive, with the highest aims of patriotism! No changeling need expect office for his services. Individual influence really amounts now to very little, and especially of those who go from one party to another. All such must be naturalized for twenty-one (21) years to have office or honors by a strong party, like the democratic!"

Alas! Gov. Jones—"No changeling need expect office for his services?"

Noah and Brevity.—Many centuries ago, the earth was covered with a great flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, were destroyed. It appears, also, that from thence a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind, who, from a range of seven or eight hundred years, which they enjoyed before the Flood, were confined to their present period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the twofold division of the antediluvian and postdiluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those interior limits which were better accommodated by the abridged duration of human life and literary labor. Now, to forget this event—to write without the fear of the Deluge before their eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submergence—is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer can possibly fall. The author of a book should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes of the Deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colors for his use. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass.—*Sydney Smith.*

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her woman;
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced it woo-man.

But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims,
That people call them whim-men.

THE OCEAN.—BY LORD AYTON.

Roll on thou dark and deep blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, unc coffin'd and unknown!

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

The other evening, a young gent was with several companions serenading one of his fair friends, and singing in artistic style a song that contained these words:

"I ne'er can tell the all I owe
To thee, my dearest love."

At this juncture, one Sard, passing by interrupted the flow of music by the following rough prose:

"Well, sir, if you can't tell that young lady how much you owe her, I will tell her how much you owe me—just one hundred and seventy dollars and sixty cents."

The effects of this unexpected information put a stop to the serenade for that night at least.

A Sister's Influence.

"I was intoxicated but once," said a young man to us the other day. "I shall never forget it. In company with several jovial fellows, I was induced to drink pretty freely, and, by the time I got home, I scarcely knew where I was or what I was doing. I was put to bed, and how long I lay there I don't know, but when I awoke, my sister was sitting beside the bed sewing. The moment her eyes fell on my face, she burst into a flood of tears and wept as if her heart would break.—Overwhelmed with shame for my conduct, I then formed a resolution that I would never get drunk again. I have adhered to it for some years, and I mean to keep it."

A Fish Story.—We have read many fish stories and they are generally of that tenor that the very name inclined one to disbelieve them. We have one to tell now, which, as we know the person who was the main actor in the incident, we can vouch for its being true, particularly as there is ocular evidence of the matter.

Some days ago the captain of a ship at anchor outside the Pass, threw overboard a shark hook, baited, not expecting in the least, as the captain himself says, to catch anything of the fish tribe. There was hooked, however, a shark of the spotted kind, and, as it afterwards proved, a regular "man eater." He had to be harpooned before his capture could be effected. His size and weight may be imagined, from the fact that it took to hoist him in, eleven men, with a double lift on the main yard.

The monster measured seventeen feet ten inches in length from tail to snout, and nine feet in circumference. He had seven rows of teeth, three of the rows being almost hidden in the upper gums. His liver exactly filled up a beef barrel.

In his paunch was found the body of a man, in a half decomposed state. So far as could be judged, the corpse was that of a well dressed man, of medium size—shirt white with pearl buttons, coarse silk under-shirt, cotton socks, and shoes, nearly new, of the Congress gaiter kind.

The shark had also in his stomach several old pieces of canvass, such as are used by vessels on their riding.

The jaw bone of this sea pirate had been brought up to the city. It is large enough to take in a sugar barrel.—*N. O. Picayune.*

If Major Donelson is as unimportant a personage as the Sag Nicht organs represent him, why were the Democratic leaders, a few years ago, so anxious to get him to act as editor of a central organ at Washington, that they actually seized, grabbed, stole fifty thousand dollars of the public money to give him to take charge such an organ? And, if he is the unprincipled and corrupt man they now represent him, why did he scorn to touch the stolen funds or defile his hands with the vile and dirty crew?

If any one wishes to know all the facts of the case, he will find an authentic statement of them in Benton's Thirty Years in the United States Senate. Benton is a Buchanan man.—*American Organ.*

The New Orleans Picayune, a neutral journal of immense circulation and great influence, has declared for Fillmore and Donelson. No papers in the Southwest can effect more for the American cause than the Picayune.

The terms of advertising in the N. Y. Tribune is one dollar per line, and yet hundreds have got rich at it, while no one has ever been known to lose.

All reason must take something for granted, but disputants often take different things for granted, and don't try or don't know how to explain their premises so that men are continually arguing without convincing.

A blacksmith, having lost his wife, complained to a neighbor in terms of most bitter disappointment. "Oh," replied the latter, "your case is not so deplorable as to excite grief like this; I will give you my living wife, and a barrel of cider, for your dead one."

To-morrow, the day when the misers give, when idlers work, when sinners rest, form.